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# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN  
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Correspondence from practical farmers, giving the results of their experience, is solicited. Letters should be brief, and the name of the writer, which will be printed or not, as the writer may wish.

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## Agricultural

### Birds as Weed Destroyers.

We have ever looked upon the economic value of our native song birds as resting on their services in the destruction of troublesome insects, but in the Year Book of Agriculture for the year 1888, Prof. Sylvester D. Judd, assistant in biological survey for the Agricultural Department, points out the services of some species in destroying innumerable seeds of some of our most common weeds.

Some of the weeds from which these birds like to pick the seeds, and which indeed form a large part of their subsistence in winter and fall, are ragweed, smartweed bindweed, pigweed, lamb's-quarters, amaranth, dandelion, purslane, knaweed and chickweed. Then there are the coarser grasses, as the sedges, crab grass, nut grass, pine grass and others that often crowd out better grasses in fields and the lawns.

While it may be said that good farming would mean the destruction of these weeds, most of which are annuals, in our cultivated fields, so that they should not ripen their seed, yet few can do even this, while the roadsides, edges of woodland, hedge rows and pastures will produce many to perpetuate the pests.

And what a power of perpetuation they have. Some of the above species are said to produce a hundred thousand seeds of a single plant, while most of them exceed five or ten thousand.

The birds most actively engaged in this work are the sparrows and finches, which include more than twenty species, horned larks, meadow larks, blackbirds, cowbirds, quail, grouse, grosbeaks and others. Their capacity for this work is illustrated by a few examples.

A crow blackbird will eat from thirty to fifty seeds of smartweed or bindweed at a single meal, and a field sparrow one hundred seeds of crabgrass, and they take several meals a day. In the stomach of a Nuttall's sparrow were found three hundred seeds of amaranth, and in another three hundred seeds of lamb's-quarters; a tree sparrow had eaten seven hundred seeds of pine grass, and a snowflake in Shrewsbury, Mass., picked up one thousand seeds of pigweed for its breakfast.

Goldfinches have been noticed busily feeding upon the seeds of the Scotch thistle, the bull thistle, wild sunflowers, cone flowers, wild lettuce, prickly lettuce, catnip and mullion, and when killed their stomachs were found filled with these seeds. Remember that for at least three-fourths of the year weed seeds are the principal food of most of these varieties. Very few of them eat much grain, even where it is grown largely. Of nineteen native birds, including four varieties of sparrows killed in a wheat field a few miles south of Washington, only two had eaten grain, and they but a single kernel each, while five English sparrows were literally gorged with wheat. In fact, this imported pest is the only one of our small birds that is known to do much damage to grain or fruit, except some of the larger species, which have a liking for cherries and green peas.

Many of these birds that breed in New England and the Central States go farther south for the winter, while others whose nests in summer are across the Canadian border may be found with us here in winter, busily at work around hedges and ditch banks in seeking their favorite food, which, by the way, seems to vary with the different species.

The blackbirds do considerable damage in the Western grain fields for a short time, and the bobolink or reed bird is called the ice bird's nest, because of its depreciation on that crop there when it is ripening, but even these should be endured because they are at work for the farmer at least nine or ten months in the year.

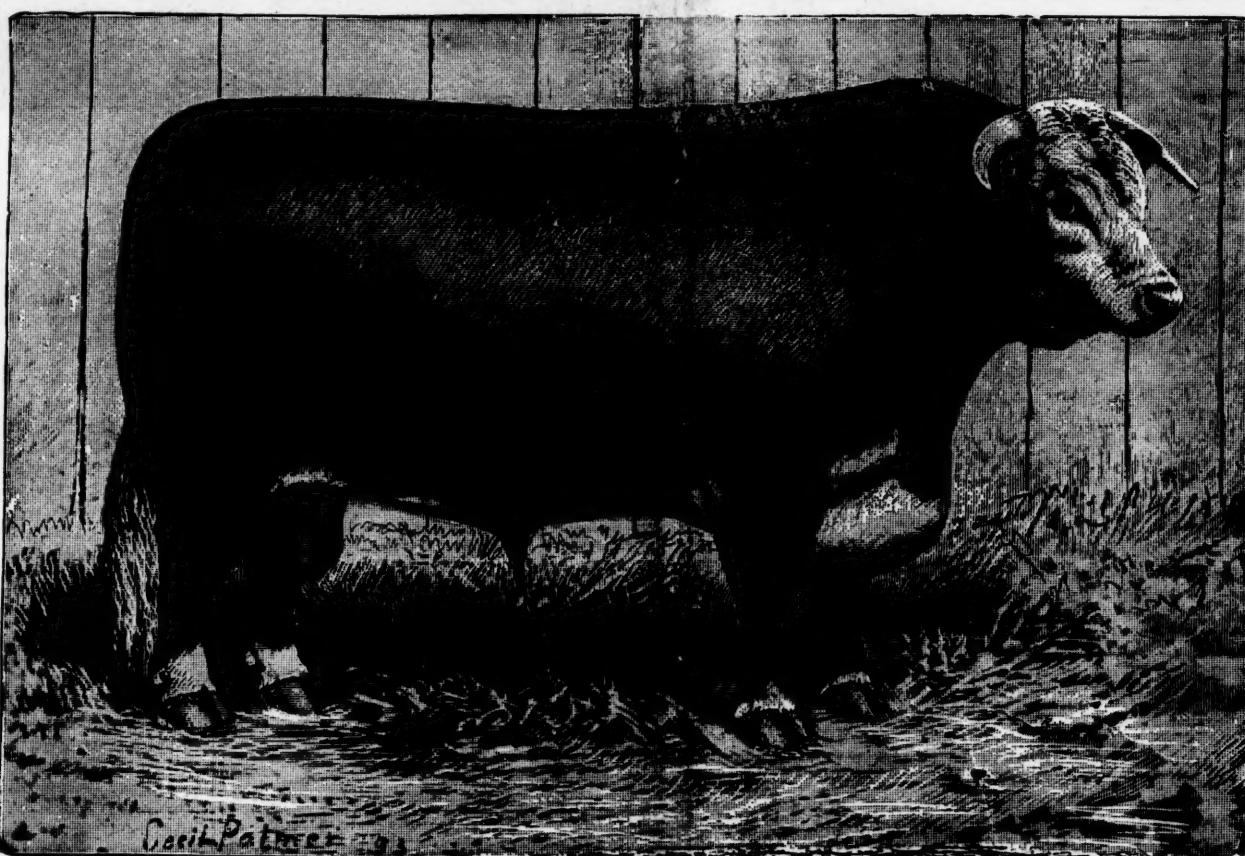
The introduction of the English sparrow was its driving away these little native birds has been responsible for more damage by insect and weed pests than all other causes combined, including cats and boys with guns.

### Secrets of the Dairy.

There are some secrets which are no secrets, and the experience of years has shown me that the art of butter-making may be known and read of all faithful and persistent men. A few of the points that every one who aspires to good butter-making must observe I believe to be as follows:

The man or woman who sets out to be a dairyman must love his work. Unless he does, failure lies just before him.

There must be the essentials of a good cow in every individual of the dairy. No man can succeed with poor cows, any more



ANCIENT BRITON NO. 55749, SHOW BULL.

Owned by George S. Redhead.

attempt to get along in the dairy-room without pure water.

Every man, woman and child who has anything to do with the work of butter-making, from cow to package, should be clean and neat. Uncleanliness is the rock upon which thousands go down. It is possible to do something in a slovenly manner and yet succeed fairly well. This is not true of butter-making. Every pail, can, churn, ladle, package, cloth and worker must be scrupulously free from anything which will impart a taint to the finished product.

The hands especially must be clean. It is not seen as if it should be necessary to speak of this, and yet it is not week ago that I saw a man who would resent it quickly if told that he was not neat sit down to his cow, milk on his hands, and wet the teats of a fine Jersey before he began to take her mess into the pail.

We look to the Danish people for our pattern of cleanliness, and well we may, for if there be any secret with them it is the secret of neatness. Climate, pasturage, water, care, all pass for nothing without cleanliness.

Finally, the care given the cow largely determines the quality of the butter made. Good food, cleanly quarters, kindness, freedom from all that might give the cow discomfort, these all enter in to bring about success or failure in butter-making.

Many other things have a bearing on the art of butter-making. They may be said to be adjuncts and not absolute essentials. The principles involved are not many, but they are invaluable. They must be taken into account by all who would win in the beautiful science of good butter-making.

New York. E. L. VINCENT.

### Flight South of the Geese.

From the far North in Canada, the wild geese are showing no signs of preparing for their annual migration. Evidently, say the wise in such matters, the autumn is to be a fairly long one. Perhaps it would be safer to say that the frosts which occur about James Bay at the end of August have been light so far, and there is fair promise of a continuance of the open weather. The wild geese or Canada brant is generally right in its forecasts, and trappers are accustomed to put much faith in its movements.

But there are times, say the weather prophets, when all signs fail, and the experiences of the geese agree with the saying. A few years ago a large flock of them were overtaken by a violent snowstorm while passing over the eastern townships of Canada. Completely baffled by the unexpected downfall, and perhaps blinded by the clinging snow, the old gander who had the lead, alighted with twenty or thirty followers in a street of the thriving village of Granby. Several specimens of this magnificent bird were taken with ease, and probably all might have been killed, before they recovered from their confusion and weariness, had the villagers wished to kill them.

The season had been favorable for breeding, and flocks are quite up to the average this year. Every spring sees some pairs of birds dropping out of the procession to the farthest North and hatching their young at the lakes south of the northern watershed. These birds do not as a rule herd together for the trip South, until the birds from the North begin to arrive. A family of a dozen or so will remain contentedly about a group of lakes until one fine morning their young

with buck and number four shot—a handful of the mixture is about the load—awaits the moment when the brant are well bunched, and then works frightful execution among them.

Three or four killed is considered good shooting. What that means in wounded birds it is difficult to compute. Nearly every sportsman in that northern country has come across maimed, broken-winged geese, making their painful way down the tributaries and outlets of the lakes to the main rivers. A gentleman near Sherbrooke, Que., killed the leader of a flock of geese last season by a miraculous shot, and found two encysted leaden plugs imbedded in one of the drumsticks. The Indians at the ancient settlement of Caughnawaga, nearly opposite Montreal, have several times taken injured brant from the back waters of the St. Lawrence, which were evidently shot weeks before, and probably hundreds of miles to the north by pothunters.

It is usually some time in October before the bands of geese are finally arranged, and the birds disappear for a lake further south. For a time they proceed by easy stages from water to water. But as frosts become harder, flights become longer. They are trained to travel in two long lines, converging like the letter V. to the point where the leader forms the thin edge of the flying wedge. Their marvellous instinct is never at fault about direction.

Away from the threatening frost and the coming snow and ice, and Ho! for the sunny South. Often at such an altitude that the noise of their whistling wings is unheard by mere earth dwellers, their approach heralded by the stentorian honk, honk, as their musical members or perhaps signal corps of the party, their rapid flight brings them to the seashores, lakes and swamps of the South by the middle or end of November. From a thousand to two thousand miles is the spring and autumn journey of the wild geese which nest in this province.

Such trips are seldom probably without incident. At times errors of judgment on the part of the leaders cause trouble and loss to the travelers. A favorable wind or some passing fear or caprice induces the gander to make a longer mileage than is well for his charges. Then the querulous complaint of the weaker ones, or their fluttering after the ranks, causes a descent for a rest, sometimes

gaining a little rest.

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chored to stones. In the spring a farmer's son had cleverly but quite illegally robbed a wild goose nest of eggs enough to give him six fine birds for autumn use. The way those faithful decoys called the first passing flock to easy shooting right overhead was superb. A second lot was sighted just as the sportsmen secured the three they had picked out for themselves, when from a wooded point close by, a regular fusilade opened, and the poor tethered decoys were murdered before their eyes by a couple of city gunners, who would hardly be persuaded that wild fowls were not always found at anchor in their wild state.

Probably the Anser canadensis ranks a good second to the wild turkey in table value among American native birds. It is larger than the common tame goose, and though resembling the Norwegian black-billed variety in height and appearance, is a finer bird with much more breast development. Not so greasy as the fasted and stuffed-for-Christmas or Michaelmas birds of the butcher's market, its flavor is excellent at the time when it is preparing for flight or when en route. At other times—when not under training—there is a slight fishiness, and for some stomachs too much gaminess also about the meat.

The sportsman setting out after wild geese should determine within himself to be cautious about killing, or at least about carrying to his own home, the leader of a flock. That is unless he has muscles and grinders especially adapted to the chewing of india rubber. For all of tough flesh that of an ancient gander, the forerunner of many an annual pilgrimage, might well be taken as a standard for toughness.

Canaian Correspondent, New York Sun.

### Mistakes of Beginners.

Most persons are liable to make mistakes when first entering upon the horse-breeding business.

Perhaps the most frequent one is stocking the farm with too many brood mares at the start. Very few avoid this mistake, as many have learned to their sorrow, a few years later.

The small breeder in moderate circumstances who breeds for profit should first determine how many head of stock his farm is capable of supporting, and his stables and paddocks are capable of accommodating.

He should make due allowance for barren mares each year, which will generally average about three in every ten. He should next consider that as a rule horses raised in the North are not in demand in the market until five years old.

A few years ago in county Ottawa, a

greymen summoned to his front door by a

friend calling of geese, snatched up his gun

in time to shoot two yearlings from a

descending flock, which persisted, nevertheless, in alighting at the other end of his garden.

There was not another suitable

cartridge in the house, and the survivors

were allowed to rest where they were.

Then they did for about three hours, when at ten o'clock, the night being well lighted, and they departed, shouting a loud farewell as they did so.

A friend of the writer's once saw a wedge

of geese run full tilt against a telegraph

wire as they were wheeling to alight, and

secured three of them, which were not

badly hurt, but very much bewildered, and

stupid from exhaustion.

At another time a flock descended on a

barnyard, and appeared to be so quietly

and subdued that the wily farmer imagined they had not room for their characteristic slanting rise from between his high

fences, and might be domesticated. He was

undervailed on the afternoon of the next

that though the sire and dam were of good size, their ancestors, or some of them, at least, have been small, or were from families in which a general lack of size has been one of the characteristics. As a rule, a small-sized mare whose ancestors were of good size, and were from families that were, as a rule, noted for good size, will produce a larger proportion of good-sized animals than a large mare the majority of whose ancestors were small. Most of the fastest trotters have been produced by mares rather below than above the average in size. If extreme speed alone were desired the matter of size would be of secondary importance. The breeder in moderate circumstances cannot afford to breed solely for speed. Leave that to men of

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## Agricultural.

## Dairy Notes.

When we are using milk we like to think that we are having the genuine article and not something prepared from water and chemical compounds, but we do not care to be convinced by examination of the sediment in the bottom of the pitcher that the cow must have put her foot in it. When we eat butter we like to think it is made from pure milk or cream, but to doubt it is not as bad as to find the cow's hair mixed through it, or to see the sour buttermilk ooze out of it when we put our knife into it.

Yet we have seen both milk and butter in those conditions. We have seen milk that evidently came from diseased cows, in a filthy stable, and possibly diseased because of their filthy surroundings, foul air or unwholesome food. We have seen butter made from such milk where we thought the dairy-room was as foul as the stable, and the milkman more filthy than the cow, and we frankly confess that we would prefer butter made from clean tallow and lard, by a neat person in a clean factory, kept so perhaps by the presence of a United States inspector, than to use some butter that we have seen.

If this is talking treasonably toward such of our readers as are dairymen or butter-makers upon a farm we cannot help it. We do not think our regular readers are in position to feel offence at what we have said, for those who send such milk and butter to market are not the careful readers of a good agricultural paper. They are the ones who "cannot afford" to take a paper that tries to keep them up to the lines of good stock, good food and cleanliness, and who protest that they do not need to read any paper or attend any Farmers Institutes to teach them their business.

They follow the same methods that their fathers and grandfathers did, and although produce of all kinds sells much higher than those ancestors received, they are not able to get any more profit from their business than was obtained then, or, to be more exact, as they expend more from their living in luxuries rather than necessities, they cannot accumulate any more surplus.

We believe that these uninformed and careless dairymen are growing less each year, and that the coming dairymen are each year making great advances toward the time genuine butter will average much more nearly alike in quality and price than it does now, and when there will be no occasion for ladle-packed or renovated butter, and when oleomargarine will of necessity be sold even as lard is now sold to a certain class as a cheap substitute of fatty matter to be used instead of butter. But until that time comes these careless dairymen are doing more injury than all the butterine manufacturers in keeping down the value of dairy products or preventing their free use.

Dairymen generally are watching quite carefully the reports of the tests of the various dairy breeds at the Pan-American Exposition, but we consider them more valuable and instructive as showing something of the cost of giving liberal amounts of good food to the individuals of each breed, and the amount that the average animals can eat and digest each week than as tests of the capabilities of the breed for profit.

The individual difference of the animals may exceed the difference of the breeds. The conditions under which they are kept and the food given may be more favorable to one breed than another, and very surely to some individual animals more than to others. The dairymen may learn from these experiments, but if they accept them as infallible guides, they would stand as good a chance of failure as the captain who, sailing out of harbor, should try to steer by the courses some other craft had taken, without regard to variations of vessels, of winds or of tides.

Let the dairyman study his business with regard to others only so far as to learn what he may from their success or failure. He may have a liking for one breed and not for another. If so, he might succeed with the first and fail with the last. We are very sure that a dairy of Shorthorns or Herefords never would suit us, though the best sent out. We should feel neither pride nor pleasure in them.

Now even if we liked them do we think they could have flourished, or the Holstein have proved capacious milkers upon the thin and hilly pastures we have been obliged to depend upon, unless we could have first renovated the fields to produce food for them. The Jersey, the Devon or the Ayrshire found food there, but a Hereford would have been obliged to move faster than we ever saw one to have filled her capacious paunch in a day.

If we had used the Hereford or Shorthorn oxen, instead of Devons or grade Ayrshire, that would walk as fast as we could and run a little faster when they had a chance, they would have given place to horses much sooner than they did in our work, and we did not decide to give up oxen in the farm until we traded a yoke of grade Devons for a much heavier yoke of grade Shorthorns that could not pull as heavy a load or go much more than half as fast. We worried through one summer with them, and it was a worry, too, and then the butcher took them, but we would have done better to have sent the Devons to the butcher in the spring and have bought a lighter yoke to have used and fattened in the fall.

But that is not dairying excepting as the farmer may want to keep stock such that he can raise steers for his farm work, as well as heifers for the dairy. We only meant to say that a man will find that breed the best that suits him best, if the climate and food are adapted to it, and we might add the product suited to the demands of his market, though good milk, good butter and good beef will find a market anywhere, and should find prices according to their quality, but they will not always do so.

One need not keep cows that give small amounts of milk with five per cent. butter fat when the milk must be sold at the same price as that of those that give twice as many quarts that shows less than three per cent. of fat.

One difficulty in the way of progress with many dairymen is that they are ever looking for better results by some patent process, some new breed or new machinery. They do not think that they need to reform themselves. Such trifles as better food and perhaps more of the concentrated food to give a better balanced ration; pure water to drink instead of the contents of

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VIEWS OF OLD BOSTON, No. 16.  
Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Hull Street. With view of Christ Church on Salem Street, taken in 1870.

stagnant puddles; well-cleaned stables and pure air there for the cows; well-ventilated and cool dairy-rooms, with clean utensils, are not thought worthy of attention. It is more easy for them to pay money for a cow of some other breed, and for some new churn separator, and then to denounce them as only worthless humbugs because the results are not as good as those obtained by the dairyman who attended to these trifling points, as well as bought better cows and good utensils.

## Butter Market.

With very light receipts of butter, prices have advanced about one cent a pound upon all grades but imitation and ladies, which are but little called for. Assorted sizes Northern creamery sold at 22 cents, and large sizes or assorted spruce tubs at 21 to 22 cents, with large ash tubs at 21 to 24 cents. Buyers did not want to pay over 22 cents, but when dealers were firm they had to come to 22 cents or take a lower grade. Northern firsts were 20 to 20½ cents and Western at 20 cents. Best marks of Eastern 20 to 21 cents and fair to good 17 to 19 cents, with seconds the same. Boxes and prints in only moderate supply, with a fair demand. Boxes at 22 to 22½ cents for extra Northern creamery, 22½ cents for extra Western, 20 to 21 cents for extra dairy and 16 to 19 cents for common good. Prints generally a half-cent higher than boxes on same grades. Dairy tubs in fair demand at 19 cents for Vermont extra, 18½ cents for New York. Firsts at 17 to 18 cents seconds at 15 to 16 cents and lower grades at 12 to 14 cents. A fair call for renovated at 18 to 19 cents for choice, but common, from 14 to 17 cents, sells slowly, as do the ladies at 10 to 13 cents, and imitation creamery at 13 to 15 cents. Jobbers want 23 cents for extra tubs and 24 cents in boxes, and about a cent a pound profit on lower grades if they had them.

The receipts of butter at Boston for the week ending Sept. 21 were 19,474 tubs and 21,233 boxes, a total weight of 1,068,963 pounds, against 912,602 pounds the previous week, and 1,070,708 pounds the corresponding week last year.

The exports of butter from Boston for the week were none, against 13,600 pounds the same week last year. From New York the exports for the week amounted to 748 tubs, and from Montreal 41,321 packages. Exports from Montreal for the season figure up 276,535 packages, against 205,751 packages same time last year.

The statement of the Quincy Market Cold-Storage Company for the week is as follows:

Taken in, 1678 tubs; out, 4038 tubs; stock, 187,227 tubs, against 166,510 tubs same time last year.

The Eastern Company reports a stock of 27,918 tubs, against 28,771 tubs the week previous and 22,434 last year.

With the stocks of the two companies added, the total is 215,145 tubs, as compared with 188,944 tubs same time last year, an increase for this year of 21,207 tubs. This indicates a reduction in stock for the week of 3213 tubs.

For the corresponding week last year the reduction in stock was 4882 tubs.

The stock of the Quincy Market Cold-Storage Company was previously published at 189,227 tubs, but should have read 187,227 tubs, same as given in above statement.

## New York Markets.

Potatoes are in fair supply, but good deal here, and prime Long Island sell at \$2.25 to \$2.50 a barrel, with State and Western at \$2.12 to \$2.25 and Jersey at \$1.75 to \$2.25. Some German at \$1.50 to \$1.65 a bag. Sweet potatoes steady at \$2.25 to \$2.50 a barrel for Southern Jersey and \$1.75 to \$2 for Virginia. Onions still average very poor, and prime are firm, with inferior less hard to sell. Connection red or yellow \$2.25 to \$2.75 a barrel, white \$3 to \$4, State and Western \$2 to \$2.25 for yellow, \$2 to \$2.75 for red, Jersey red \$2.25 to \$2.75, yellow \$2 to \$2.25 and white \$1.25 to \$2 a barrel. Orange County bags, good, red \$1.75 to \$2.50, yellow \$1.75 to \$2 and white \$1 to \$2.50, with some lots at 75 cents to \$1.25 a bag. White pickling \$3 to \$4 a barrel. Beets steady at \$1 to \$1.25 a hundred, carrots at 75 cents to \$1 a barrel. Jersey Russia turnips \$1 to \$1.25 a barrel and Canada \$1 to \$1.25. Squash is steady at \$1.25 to \$1.50 a barrel for Hubbard, \$1.25 for marrow and \$1 to \$1.25 for white. Celery 10 to 35 cents a dozen roots.

Cabbages are in good supply at \$3 to \$4 a hundred, and cauliflower in demand at \$1.50 to \$3 a barrel. Cucumbers scarce. Shelter Island \$3.50 to \$5.50 a barrel and Albany \$1 to \$3. Western New York \$1.25 to \$2 a bushel basket. Egg plants firm at \$1.25 to \$1.75 a barrel, 50 to 75 cents for half-barrel crates. Green corn in good moderate supply at 75 cents to \$1.25 a hundred roots. Western New York lettuce in good demand at \$1.75 to \$2.25 a case and Boston generally poor and dull at \$1 to \$1.50. Pe-

pers 40 to 75 cents a barrel for green and 60 to 80 cents for red. String beans 40 to 50 cents a bag and 40 to 75 cents a basket. Lima beans, potatoes \$1 to \$1.25 a bag, flat 75 cents. Fancy tomatoes in demand at 60 to 75 cents for Hackensack. Fair Acme 50 cents and common lots dull at 30 to 40 cents.

Apples in moderate supply, and choice lots sell readily, others quiet. Alexander, Wealthy and Jonathan \$2 to \$4 a barrel, King \$3 to \$3.50. Fall and York Pippin \$2.75 to \$3.75, Holland Pippin and Twenty-Ounce \$2.75 to \$3.50, Greening \$2.50 to \$3.25, Pound Sweet \$2.50 to \$3. Ordinary hard late sorts \$2 to \$2.50. Fall varieties, fair to good, \$1.75 to \$2.50, and windfalls \$1 to \$1.50. Fancy pears sell well, but medium to poor drag and ordinary sorts are dull. Bartlett, fancy, in barrels, \$4 to \$5, but average lots \$2.50 to \$3.50. In kegs, prime to \$1. Fancy Seckels \$2 to \$4 a barrel, fair to prime \$2 to \$3. Bose \$1.75 to \$3. Sheldon and Clairgeau \$1.75 to \$2.50, Anjou \$1.75 to \$2.25. Other late kinds \$1.75 to \$2, with some common sorts at \$1 to \$1.50.

Peaches in light supply, and good stock sells readily. Maryland and Delaware \$1 to \$1.75 a carrier, 40 cents to \$1 a basket. Pine Island \$1.25 to \$2 a carrier, 40 cents to \$1 a basket. Up-river two basket carriers \$1 to \$1.25, full-sized baskets 60 cents to \$1 and pony baskets \$4 to \$5 cents. Ohio and Michigan bushel baskets \$1 to \$1.75, as to variety. Plums scarce, large blue table plums 40 to 60 cents, green 35 to 50 cents and common 20 to 25 cents, with prunes 35 to 50 cents. Good grapes in fair demand. Up-river carriers, Delaware 50 cents to \$1, Niagara 50 to 75 cents, Moore's Early, Warden and Concord 40 to 55 cents. Small baskets, Delaware 13 to 15 cents, Niagara 10 to 12 cents, black 7 to 10 cents. Muskmelons dull. Western good to choice \$1.50 a crate, poor to fair \$1 to \$1.25. Cranberries quiet at \$6 for dark Cape Cod, \$5 to \$5.50 for medium and \$4 to \$4.50 for light.

## Central New York Notes.

In my communication last week the types seem to misrepresent my views in one respect. I do not think the octagon-shaped silos were superseded the round silo, although the octagon and the square-corner silos are still being built. However, the round-stave style of a silo leads in use all others. Where the square-framed silo is built, the corners are so filled, or boarded across inside, that they are practically as safe as the regular octagon-shaped silo.

In my reference to the manner of filling silos with the whole-length cornstalks I intended to have written that no crosswise filling was made.

On the third day after mailing the notes, in the vicinity of Homer, Cortland Co., I drove into one of the finest farming sections of New York State, and here I found that the whole-stalk filling of silos had been practiced by many farmers for several years, and was still in vogue to a considerable extent; that it has advantages still claimed for small farmers away from power cutters.

I learn the method of filling to be as follows: The stalks are first bound in the common style of small bundles and packed in the silo, leaving them bound, as at first. In filling a square-style silo, the order is to start at one end, laying the row of bundles well across, with the butts all pressed close to the boarding; then, in clapboard, or shingle style, dropping forward two feet or so, according to the coarseness of the stalks, and making another layer across the floor and so on to the opposite side.

Then, for the second layer to start on this tip end of the door and lay directly opposite; that is, laying the butts to cover the tips and so reversing the work until finished.

It is reasonable to suppose that if the top layers were unbound that a tighter blanket covering would be formed to an advantage. It is urged that, in case one's silo is not A1, to be air tight, that it is very important that the outside of the filling be kept very even and solid, by good laying of stalks well drawn down. I was told that the stalk, as it settled down, was inclined to draw in endwise from the silo walls, making an air space that was harmful.

Does it not "stand to reason" that if the filling was started by laying two rows of bundles across the centre of the floor, butts to butts, then proceeding as directed before and with care, trying to fill so that the surface would continue crowning to the top, that any trouble would be overcome, in a measure, when the body settled?

It would not be too late, this season, for some farmer who husks his corn to try this way of utilizing his coarse corn stalks that often are one half wasted.

In my circuits in Oneida, Madison, Onondaga and Oswego Counties, during the past two weeks, I found these counties, with Otsego, to be the greatest hop-growing

section of New York State, if not of all the Eastern States of the Union.

The picking season was just on in full working order, and the young men and maidens, old men and children, with many of the mothers, turn into the field for the work, while literally thousands of city hands are imported for the few weeks labor, so the temporary "bed-and-board" accommodations, at farmhouses, of thirty to fifty pickers, is a very common condition at present.

The hop crop is reported as only fair,

while prices offered and accepted range from ten to 12 cents.

Nice potatos are being shipped at fifty cents per bushel.

H. M. PORTER.  
Waterville, Oneida Co., N. Y., Sept. 10.

## Farming in Cold Norway.

Many of the farms in Norway have been cultivated for a thousand years. The buildings on some of them are seven and eight hundred years old. Anything built within a century or two is considered modern. The other day an Englishman who was looking for a house to rent for the fishing season complained that it was too old. The owner was astonished at such presumption, and ascribed him that every building on the place had been erected since 1815. But they are still standing.

At Borgund, a few miles west of Nesbun, is a church that was built in 1150 or earlier. The antiquarians cannot determine the exact date, and it is mentioned in the official records of the diocese as far back as 1300. They are carefully preserved for all the intervening years. It is a singular piece of architecture, but there are twenty or more in Norway like it, although I believe this is the best preserved. It is built of logs, thickly covered with tar both on the inside and the outside, which accounts for its preservation. The interior consists of a nave and aisles, with twelve columns, a choir and a semi-circular apse. When the doors are shut the interior is almost in total darkness, as light is admitted only through tiny openings pierced through the roof of the dome. The use of window glass was unknown in Norway at the time of its erection, and the service probably consisted solely of the mass, chanted by candlelight, while the congregation knelt devoutly in the dark nave. Beside the entrance are two runic inscriptions, carved in the logs in beautiful lettering. One of them reads: "Thorer wrote these lines on St. Olaf's Fair," and the other, "This church stands upon holy ground."

The foundations of all the ancient Norway buildings are of heavy stone, some of them five or six feet thick. The timbers of both the barns and the houses are of the full size of the tree squared off. The roofs are of slate, trimmed by hand, half or three-quarters of an inch thick, and there are sometimes tiles of baked clay resembling those of Spain and Italy. The poor classes of cabins, especially those that cling to the mountain sides, are thatched with straw or hair or dried roofs—a covering of boards and then a layer of earth and sod a foot or eighteen inches thick. At this time of year they are usually covered with beautiful flowers. It is really not good form, but it is exceedingly picturesque to have a flower garden on the top of your house, and it adds so much to the attractiveness of the Norwegian landscape.

You find the same flowers over here that we have at home in the northern part of the United States, only they seem larger, fuller and more brilliant in color. Botanists tell me that this is actually true, and account for it by the long days. The flower season is short, but luxuriant, and when they have eighteen or twenty hours of sunshine they ought to grow larger as well as lovelier. The daisies, harebells, dandelions, forget-me-nots, oxcombs, golden rod, bachelor's buttons or ragged robin, hollyhocks and other old-fashioned garden flowers that you find in New England may be seen here in their greatest glory. The roses seem to have thicker leaves and richer tints, the violets are of all colors, the lilies are of a deeper pink, the tulips they call old rose, and exhale perfume stronger than I have ever known. Snowballs, syringas and other large shrubs make the best of the short summer, but there is nothing in all the flora that compares to the buttercup. That humble but beautiful denizen of the field and forest grows double here, with a dozen or twenty instead of a few petals. It is as full as a peony. The meadows are crimson with clover and the air is loaded with its fragrance. Wild roses climb nimbly over the great stone fences, and bluebells nestle in the shadows. Either side of the road is lined with trout banks and wild strawberries.

Horticulture does not play a prominent part among the agricultural industries of Norway, but in every farm and garden you find apples, pears, cherries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries and other large and

small fruits, which, like the flowers, have a more pronounced flavor and a stronger aroma than the same species cultivated in milder climates. The cherries, currants and gooseberries are particularly good, and nowhere can you find such delicious wild strawberries as are served upon the tables of the hotels. At every meal we have no less than three or four kinds of preserved fruits offered us, and the wild strawberries and cream are worth coming all the way to Norway for. The waiter does not bring a stinging little jug with five teaspoonsful of cream, but a great pitcher that will hold a couple of quarts, and lets you help yourself. They serve the strawberries in soup plates, so that those who like that sort of thing—and I have no respect for a man who doesn't—can just wallow in the greatest of luxuries. Dean Swift must have been in Norway when he said: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did."

Comparatively little modern machinery is used by the farmers. Here and there upon the larger farms you find an American mower or reaper or threshing machine, but the greater part of the work upon the small farms is done by women, and they use heavy and awkward home-made tools. On account of the necessity of practising economy, the low price of labor and their isolated situation, farms in Norway are expected to do anything that is necessary about the place, and the Norwegian farmer is a jack-of-all-tr

## Poultry.

## Practical Poultry Points.

The Times of Davenport, Ia., tells of a new swindle in the egg trade. A grocer near there received notice from a Chicago firm that they would pay him fifteen cents for all the eggs he would send them before a certain date. He hustled about and bought all the eggs he could find and shipped them by fast express, and they did exactly as they had offered to do. They sent him fifteen one-cent stamps in an envelope; he thought they meant fifteen cents a dozen, but they did not, and it is doubtful if he can recover, even if he finds them.

What may seem like an extravagant price for poultry may often prove the very best investment. A man formerly in the business, more for pleasure than profit, once told us that about the best small investment that he ever made was when he paid \$50 for a Brahmas hen and her litter of chickens by her side. In less than a year he had sold over \$300 worth of chickens and eggs from them, and had a good breeding pen left at home. We were reminded of this by a paragraph in the Maine Farmer that tells us of a carpenter who by an accident was unable to work at his trade. He bought a trio of turkeys for \$15, and from the two hens he raised 122 turkeys, most of which he sold at from \$2 to \$5 per head for breeding purposes and others for market at about \$1.25 per head. This gave him a handsome profit, or even a fair year's wages for a cripple, from the small sum of \$15, and a little labor and care. But if he had bought ten turkey hens to run with one male, which would not have been too many for a vigorous old turkey cock, it would have been a great investment indeed.

As some of those who advocate letting the hen turkey hatch out her eggs as soon as she has enough for a litter may think that 122 poults from two hens is an incredible number, we will say that we had one old turkey produce over seventy eggs in one season, and younger ones exceeded forty eggs each, most of which were hatched out by hens, and we do not remember ever having found an infertile egg in the lot, though they were with the male turkey only a day or two each.

The high price of corn this fall we fear will induce many to send at Thanksgiving many turkeys and much other poultry that will not be properly fattened or fully grown, and that will scarcely repay the cost of growing, first, because such poultry always sell very low, sometimes even below our lowest market prices, for when there is but little of that class we do not consider it to be a market price at all, but a sort of "bargain-counter lot" that goes for the most the owner can get for it. But if it is abundant we must quote it, and it helps to keep down the price of better qualities, as it lowers the tone of the whole market. The next reason is that this draining of the flocks in November of so many that should be profitably kept and well fed a month longer will possibly cause a small supply for Christmas, and prices will be high, excepting on such as remains in cold storage after the Thanksgiving demand has been supplied.

Now we never saw the time that it did not pay to give poultry as much grain as they would eat for some weeks before they were sent to market. The pounds of gain will repay the cost of food, and we have thought that the higher the price of the grain the greater the profit in it, for the best always brought the best price. Keep them growing with good range during the day and one good feed of grain at night until about four weeks before the time of marketing them, and then, if convenient, confine them to a small range, and in any case give all the warm mash they will eat in the morning, with meat scraps mixed in, which will prevent them from roaming much through the day, and at night as much corn as they will eat.

If one put a four-ounce package of the fine cut smoking tobacco in every hen's nest in the poultry house, at a cost of five cents a nest, it would probably prove a good investment in helping to drive out lice and mites, but if there is a large henry the tobacco stem, or a tobacco dust that can be bought at almost any of the agricultural warehouses at from three to five cents a pound, and much cheaper if one goes directly to the cigar manufacturers, will serve an equally good purpose, at much less cost. In fact, the price asked for either of these in bulk is only its fair value for fertilizing purposes, and it is a repellent of nearly all garden insects. It should be used in the winter nests and in the nests when the hens are set, more particularly at that time, because these insects often drive the hen to leave her nest after she has been on the eggs just long enough to spoil them.

Those who are preparing poultry for market should be particular about the quality of the food they have. All poultry, but especially young poultry, either chickens, ducks or turkeys, will very quickly show in the flavor of the flesh any food that has a strong odor. They do so more quickly than do fowl, because the latter pass off much of the flavor in their eggs. Therefore such food as onions, turnips, cabbage, fish and decaying meat should be carefully kept away from them for at least two weeks before they are killed. They may relish a little of such food and it may not harm them when growing, but the flavor of it can be detected, perhaps in twenty-four hours after it is fed, and if much is given it will take a great deal longer to get it out. Another thing, it has been proven by careful experiment that fowl or chicken fed upon decaying meat or flesh a few days before they were killed commenced to decay themselves much quicker than those that had been given only on wholesome food, and that even cold storage would not save them.

With cold storage so nearly down to that of corn it is now, there should be a grade of rejected or shrunk wheat that could be bought at about the same price as good corn, and if it is not musty or damaged we like it better. Equal weights of it have been tested with corn, and it has been found to make more growth, with possibly less fat. The meat is sweeter flavored and whiter on the wheat than on the corn. English customers prefer poultry from Canada and the Western States because they are fed more on wheat and barley, and they have a prejudice against the yellow skin and yellow fat of the corn-fed fowl. While New England is not likely to export much poultry, we should not let it be said, as it has been said, by Englishmen who have been here, that "Yankee fowl are not as good as the Canadian."

## Poultry and Game.

Poultry is in liberal receipt, but largely in chickens, with a very quiet trade. Fresh-silled Northern or Eastern chickens are

for choice roasting 16 to 18 cents, broilers 14 to 15 cents, common to good 10 to 15 cents. Fowl 13 cents for choice, fair to good 10 to 12 cents. Spring ducks 13 to 14 cents. Pigeons \$1.25 a dozen for choice and 75 cents to \$1 for common to good. Squab in demand at \$1.75 to \$2. Western led poultry a little dull. Chickens at 10 to 12 cents and fowl 10 to 11½ cents, with old roosters at 7 cents. Ducks 10 to 12 cents and turkeys 8 to 9 cents. Live poultry in fair demand this week at 10 to 11 cents for chickens, 10 to 10½ cents for fowl and old roosters at 5 to 6 cents.

No changes in game. Ducks do not seem to be coming South yet, which gamblers say is an indication that cold weather is not very near. A few black ducks at \$1 to \$1.25 a pair and teal 75 cents to \$1. Plover from cold storage at \$4 to \$4.50 a dozen, winter yellow legs the same, summer yellow legs \$2 to \$2.50, reedbirds 50 to 75 cents and peep 40 to 50 cents.

## Horticultural.

## Orchard and Garden.

Hon. J. H. Hale says that many Keifer pear trees are being planted with the intention of topworking them with the Bosc, which is a pear of high quality, but a slow-growing tree. The Keifer stock makes a vigorous growth and also causes greater productiveness. Evidently this is the best use to which it can be put, though there are other varieties which might be improved on the Keifer stock. He says the only real improvement in pears in recent years has been the introduction of the Worcester Seckel, which is a tree of remarkably healthy growth and great productiveness, with a fruit nearly twice as large as the ordinary Seckel, and about equal to it in quality, which makes it the ideal pear for family use.

The grape crop around the Dunkirk district in New York is estimated to be about thirty-six hundred ears, equal to 10,800,000 baskets, at three thousand baskets to the ear. There are twenty-six thousand acres of vineyards, with a capital of \$5,200,000 invested in them. The value of the crop will be from \$1,300,000 to \$1,700,000, according to the price at which they sell this year. There are several other grape-growing sections in the State, and there are some that we think will exceed the Dunkirk section, from which many are shipped to Western markets, while those that come East are mostly from the Chautauqua region.

We find in one of our exchanges and credited to "Exchange" the statement that Professor Goft's theory that a condition which checks wood growth tends to the formation of fruit buds, will be tested this year, as the drought has checked the formation of new wood on trees of nearly all species. We do not know who Professor Goft may be, or when he evolved that theory, but if he has an exclusive right to it, he must be an old settler. We heard that theory more than a half century ago and nearly as long ago knew of root pruning of trees to force them into bearing instead of continuing a rank growth in a place where they received excessive fertilization. Henry Ward Beecher mentioned root pruning of trees to induce early bearing when he was a contributor to the Indiana Farmer, or the Western Farmer and Gardener in 1849 or 1850. 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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN  
NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 5, 1901.

There's not much sailing without wind.

The Boers continue cheerful and expensive.

Sunapee Lake is a great place to "take a cure."

Haymarket square will soon be ready for emergencies.

To the lay mind the jail seems a decidedly legal residence.

Roslindale hasn't forgotten that it wants that five-cent fare.

The business of repudiating Mrs. Nation continues merrily.

The codfish is not attending as many balls as usual this winter.

Brookline is not inclined to encourage the residence of the elm-leaf beetle.

The caucuses of the week have made the evenings warm as well as the days.

Musical Boston is turning her eyes, or rather her ears, toward musical Worcester.

The Czolgosz trial was conducted with a satisfying combination of dignity and quickness.

Mankind is now practicing calmness in afflictions by losing indefinite numbers of golf balls.

The past week has given the straw hat something of the rejuvenated thrill of seeing childhood.

The dog catcher in Cambridge seems to catch a lot of incidental trouble along with the stray dogs.

The Saugus Branch has always had its peculiarities, and a balky cowcatcher is only the latest.

The presidency of Columbia is not going to be without Seth Low unless that contingency is absolutely unavoidable.

A recent happening in East Boston once more emphasizes the fact that one should never quarrel with one's landlady.

There is not much room for national pride in the idea of American horses racing under false pretensions in Russia.

College growth is by no means confined to the big colleges. Colorado College has now \$100,000 for a hall of science.

It is no reflection upon the spirit of freedom to say that free speech ought to be taught to know its manners.

Affairs in Venezuela have deprived the Hub for the time being of the promised visit of the German battleship Vineta.

Chadwick's "Judith" at the Worcester Festival is the latest honor to the memory of America's most noteworthy composers.

Fitchburg has a chief of police who accuses himself of neglect of duty. How long would he have remained on duty in Gotham?

Philosophers have sometimes said that money is a bad thing, and nobody will deny that the counterfeits now in local circulation.

If the proposed call upon all Chinamen to help pay the indemnity goes into effect, many an American shirt will help swell the sum total.

If the list of available celebrities doesn't cease growing the noble game of lion hunting will soon have no more inherent dignity than tredding a 'possum.

While one of our contemporaries is so diligently establishing the fact that President Roosevelt is a New Yorker, let us not forget that he lived some years in Cambridge.

If the automobile face were as terrible as it is represented, it would be a sure sign of Providence that circumstances strictly limit the number who can be in danger of acquiring it.

Safety is the poorer by some \$3000 worth of antiques. The loss would be even sadder if antiques were not nowadays so easily manufactured.

If one day in each year were devoted to instilling in the minds of school children an honest repulsion to revolutionary anarchy, many a future anarchist would be nipped in the bud.

Returned hunters seem likely to bring back venison this fall rather than antlers. The satisfaction is less permanent, but it is, nevertheless, very pleasant while it lasts.

Cardinal Gibbons' recent advice to the young men of Ireland reverses the accepted dogma. Stay at home, young men, and make the country grow up with you.

It is a high compliment to the woman reader that she accepts with equanimity the things said to her in that part of the daily paper prepared for her own special perusal.

A recent happening on the elevated goes to show that if it is a bad business to catch a tarta, it is equally a dubious enterprise to attempt picking his pocket.

According to reports, the fall study of team play in Cambridge is not to be confined to the football field. The police are expected to cultivate it in their own department.

The capture of Miss Stone by Bulgarian bandits now using the cable to demand ransom is a good example of the way in which modern invention often aids an old-fashioned industry.

Dr. Goodspeed, who is conducting the University of Chicago experiment to determine the most economical method of managing the new student's commons, needs only one letter to become Goodspeed—a name which would be a fine augury of successful catering.

John B. Lewis of Reading is the Prohibition candidate for the governorship. Unfortunately for his argument that the saloon is the basis of anarchy, however, anarchy itself is its own most potent intoxicant.

Connecticut will be thousands of baskets of peaches short this season, and the compliment implied by likening a maiden to this particular fruit will therefore apply especially to fair headdresses.

The general public will rejoice that the Maryland Court of Appeals has decided that a railway and electric company in that State may be held responsible for the actions of an intoxicated and disorderly person whom it has allowed to ride. Such an idea should not be confined to Maryland.

May Heaven preserve America from any attack of "floral furniture." Bostonians, at least, will realize that imitation flowers should never bloom in drawing-rooms for the purpose of being sat upon. Imagine a florid gentleman, for example, with three diamond studs, complacently sitting on an imitation lily!

Forestry is opening up a new field for young Americans. The great forests of the country will soon be supplied with an army of trained defenders, and both the country at large and the individual young men will be the better for the development.

**The Heritage of Character.**

It is a significant fact that the day appointed by the President of the United States as the time when the people all over our broad land should meet in their public places of worship and do honor to the memory of him who was our head was not the day of the funeral at Buffalo, the scene of the fatal blow, nor even the day when the country's capital particularly mourned its lost President, but the day of McKinley, the man, was being buried at his own home in Canton, the day upon which we must think of our dead as an individual instead of as the nation's chief. This, we say, was significant, for it implied that, when all is said, it is to the character of McKinley that we must look for the highest inspiration of his life.

We Americans are a busy, bustling people, and we find little time in the ordinary course of a man's work to discuss the principles which underlie his action, and to discriminate between that which is thoroughly honest and manly and that which is somewhat tainted by worldly and selfish considerations. Very good for us, therefore, was that quiet service in our home church last Thursday with its earnest insistence in every case upon the manliness of McKinley's character. Boys were there who have just entered business life and have perhaps for the first time encountered the subtle temptations that days on the Rialto present. And they learned there in spite of the fact that great fortunes have been accumulated during McKinley's term of service, no basely gotten coin found its way into his hands. Honest as the day was the President they were mourning. Who can say how potently the praise of this honesty may have acted on the mind of some lad trembling on the brink of his first petty theft? Such things touch the consciences and hearts of youth. To have been told over and over again in the copybooks that honesty is the best policy counts at a time of stress for very little, but to see held up to emulation a man whom all honor because he was honest, is to have the vague and general translated at once into the definite and specific, and this counts and counts tremendously to the young.

But important as it is to be honest, this element in the character we all honored on Thursday was, because negative in its nature, properly less conspicuous in the addresses than the man's unselfing kindness and his constant and unselfish devotion to his beloved wife. To win the love of all those with whom one comes in contact is far from being a small thing to do, and if McKinley had left us nothing else than the remembrance of a nature so sweet and sunny as to call forth the affections of rich and poor, Democrat and Republican alike, would be of lasting worth. Yet even the winning of love is not so noble as constancy to love that has been won, particularly and peculiarly to the love of an adoring wife. In spite of the ugly domestic complications daily flaunted before our eyes by the vulgar yellow press, we as Americans honor still the ideal devotion of one man to one woman; laugh as our vandueille audiences may at all that is most sacred in life, every span in the land—however spotted he himself may be—honor McKinley the more because he was the ever-tender protector and friend of the woman whom he had promised before God's altar to love, honor and cherish till death did them part.

Truly the heritage of character left us by this man was a goodly one, and well may we, one and all, inspired by his example, pray to reach as did he.

That purest heaven, be to other souls! The cup of strength in some great agony. Endimide generous ardor, feed pure love, Beget the smiles that have no end, Make the sweet perfume of a good diffused, And in diffusion ever more intense! So shall we join the choir invisible, Whose music is the gladness of the world.

**Why Not a Large Athletic Club for Women?**

The announcement that an athletic club for women is about to be started on St. Botolph street, suggests an inquiry as to why Boston should not have a large club to which properly presented women who pay a certain fee may resort for that exercise now held to be generally necessary to their physical perfection. Such a club need not have an expensive home, for a good deal of exercise may often be gotten out of simple apparatus, but that such an enterprise would be able, almost from the first, to support some few club rooms with opportunities for gymnastic work is positive. All that is necessary is for the right persons to take the thing in hand and carry it through without allowing themselves to be at all discouraged by such criticisms and disappointments as would inevitably fall at first to their lot.

If the women in the various literary clubs about Boston were to unite, as the Baileys girls who are to inaugurate the little athletic club movement on St. Botolph street next month have united, and by the payment of a small fee get money enough together to secure modest headquarters for this club, we in Boston might soon get into line with Chicago in a movement which has meant much to certain of our Western sisters. The Chicago Woman's Athletic Club was started only two years ago, and it was the first of its kind in this or any other country, but it now numbers 375 members, and it owns a handsome building, and is planning to erect a still larger one where archery, golf and equestrianism, as well as the more obvious gymnastic sports, may be kept.

The new Boston organization is, we understand, but a modest affair, designed for the benefit of a few friends, among whom the Misses Stockton and Miss Wheelwright, a daughter of Andrew Wheelwright, are enrolled. They are to have at first simply a

hall for tennis and basket ball, three squash courts and six bowling alleys; but that they will get a great deal of pleasure out of these we cannot doubt. Certainly other women might well go and do likewise, remembering for their encouragement that the Chicago Club, which started with only thirteen women present at the first meeting called, had in a year a \$100,000 clubhouse containing three floors, fully equipped with the finest possible paraphernalia for athletics.

The Chicago Club's swimming pool would fill Radcliffe College girls, who have the finest pool exclusively for women to be found anywhere in the East, with wonder, so beautiful is its marble basin and its accessories. And all the other appointments of the gymnasium are on a scale with the pool.

To Boston this should all be of great interest just now because of a movement which is on foot to establish all over America a series of athletic clubs for women, membership in any one of which shall insure the entree to all. New York, we learn, is already collecting funds for a million-dollar clubhouse. Boston should wake up to its duty and privilege in this matter, and see that something is done towards ministering to the winter needs of our athletic-loving women.

**How to Avoid Gluts in the Cattle Market.**

A notable fact to be considered in studying the history of our cattle markets for the past quarter century is that glutted markets have never been caused by prime beef. In every instance the overstocking, which has caused depression in prices, has been with common and inferior animals. This danger is always present, but more so in a declining market. When cattle are actually scarce, even the common and poor stock will find fairly remunerative markets, and as everybody can raise such cattle the tendency is to grow more of them than there is any demand for. In a short time the supply catches up with the demand, prices waver a little, and pretty soon there is a glut. But while prices are falling all to pieces for common stock, fairly good ones are quoted for prime and choice cattle. This is right, too, and it is the very best condition that can face the expert, honest and hard-working breeder or farmer. If he knows that he will find adequate reward for his painstaking endeavors there is more incentive to better work. Moreover, it is the very assurance that he will profit when everybody around him, who only half understands the business, are complaining that there is no money in cattle raising. It is a notorious fact that the good breeder is generally better satisfied with a poor market; that is, a market in which the range of prices is great because the supply of common and inferior stock is greater than which few of us expect to witness. There is a "righteous indignation" in most of us that stirs at evidence of tyranny, oppression and wrong-doing that we would not like to see eliminated until the cause for it no longer exists. We confess to sympathy with the member of the Society of Friends or Quakers, who, when he was called upon to help defend the vessel he was on, proceeded to load and fire his musket, but said "it was unfortunate for those who stood in the position toward which he was told to aim," and for that other who was attacked and threw his antagonist to the floor, and sitting on him, quietly said: "Friend, I do not think it is right to strike thee, but I shall hold thee very uneasily," and then, taking him by the ears, he proceeded to thump his head on the floor until he begged for mercy. We think a similar feeling actuated President McKinley when he declared war on Spain after the loss of the Maine. Certainly he held that nation very uneasily until they begged for mercy. We think that under his calmness he had that power of mad all the way through, which is best shown by his sorrow at being the cause of trouble.

There is always room at the top, is a common expression to quote to those who would enter any business or profession. It likewise applies to the cattle industry. There is plenty of room at the top, but it is pretty crowded down below. Not until one gets over the first few rungs of the ladder will he find much encouragement. Then he will find that the markets are never crowded with prime beef, fine mutton or lamb, or any other product of the farm. Raise only the very best, and then the profits will take of themselves. Sometimes the standard is pretty high, and one must measure his efforts alongside of the finest breeders and cattle raisers in the country; but let the stock be the prime in every sense of the word and there need be little reason for worry. It is the common, poor and indifferent breeders who lose money, and the ignorant who are forced out of the cattle business every time there seems to be overstocking. They come back just as soon as there is a boom in the cattle industry, only to be forced to the wall later when it subsides. In the long run they never get ahead, and they drift back and forth in this unsatisfactory way to the end.

**Harvesting Apples and Pears.**

The proper picking of apples and pears has more to do with their keeping than many imagine. On a large orchard where thousands of bushels of these fruits are harvested, the work is apt to be rushed, and haste generally spoils a good deal of the crop. Poor, ignorant and careless pickers are also responsible for the spoiling of a good deal of the fruit. From two to five per cent. of the crop is generally figured out as injured by the picking and packing. The experienced apple picker, who works by the day, is worth more to the farmer than two inexperienced men working by the piece. The latter, in order to count a great number of bushels for the day's work, will grow careless and indifferent. He will injure more fruit than his services are worth.

I prefer experienced pickers employed by the day every time, especially in an orchard where fine fruits are raised. For the export trade you cannot afford a careless picker. Apples intended for this trade should be raised on trees where the fruit has been thinned out systematically, in order to make each apple grow its largest. Now on such a tree you cannot afford to lose an apple by careless picking. Yet this may be done by careless pickers, so easily that the profits will be seriously cut into. That is to say, it is not worth more to the farmer than two to five per cent. of the crop.

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**Holding on Your Stock.**

This is always a serious question to consider. How long shall one hold on to the stock when feed is scarce and high in price? Of course a good market at a profit would tempt any man to sell, and a false step might be taken, but to sell the stock at a sacrifice is nearly always bad

policy. Yet many do this. They actually go into the cattle business as a sort of speculation. If feed and prices are satisfactory they will make money. If feed is high and prices have not advanced correspondingly, they sell and lose. Such policy is ruinous. It is much better if we exhibited a few more of the gritty principles of the bulldog and hung on. There may sometimes be danger in hanging on too long, but as a rule most of us get discouraged too soon. With poor food and high-priced fodder prevalent all over the country the prices for cattle are bound to advance. These prices never do seem to go up, however, until most of the stock has been sacrificed. Then for some strange reason the market advances and somebody makes money.

Speculation has a good deal to do with this. Shrewd dealers go forth and purchase stock wherever they are offered at a sacrifice, and they hold them for the boom. Experienced breeders hold on to their stock, and actually produce more in the very face of a fodder famine. But they have discounted the future, and can pretty accurately predict the future course of events.

The very best policy for a stockman to pursue is to hold on as long as possible, and do not make a sacrifice of stock in any event.

There is no sense in that, and no reason. Pull through some way. Find some ways and means to make both ends meet. In order to do this it may be necessary to resort to extreme measures, but half the resources of the farm have not yet been discovered or exhausted. There is good bright straw, which, if mixed with hay and some grain, can be converted into food of fair value. Millet, sorghum, peh hay, corn fodder, pumpkins, turnips and everything else should be utilized. Take everything that can be found or purchased cheap and try to convert it into fodder by mixing it in with more nourishing feed. Plant late grass and hay crops, piece out the rages, and pasture and scour the country for bargains in straw, hay or some other stuff that can be turned into food. By a little study of the conditions, and a determination to hang on, the cattle can be carried along for months yet without losing any of their fat, and when prices begin to advance the unprofitable season may be turned into a distinctly profitable one.

One of the most unusual, but perhaps the most unjust of criticisms of the late President McKinley is that of the venerable Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who said that he "often wished that President McKinley had more ability to get mad." To be able to restrain one's temper under the most trying circumstances may be Christian, but it is, and we hope it will be, a little more than human, until we shall have reached that millennium which may be hoped for, but which few of us expect to witness. There is a "righteous indignation" in most of us that stirs at evidence of tyranny, oppression and wrong-doing that we would not like to see eliminated until the cause for it no longer exists. We confess to sympathy with the member of the Society of Friends or Quakers, who, when he was called upon to help defend the vessel he was on, proceeded to load and fire his musket, but said "it was unfortunate for those who stood in the position toward which he was told to aim," and for that other who was attacked and threw his antagonist to the floor, and sitting on him, quietly said: "Friend, I do not think it is right to strike thee, but I shall hold thee very uneasily," and then, taking him by the ears, he proceeded to thump his head on the floor until he begged for mercy. We think a similar feeling actuated President McKinley when he declared war on Spain after the loss of the Maine. Certainly he held that nation very uneasily until they begged for mercy. We think that under his calmness he had that power of mad all the way through, which is best shown by his sorrow at being the cause of trouble.

The Springfield Republican is devoting considerable space to the "Making of a Beautiful City." With the desirability of civic beauty actually felt by the people, and it is evidently becoming more and more so, and so much that can be taken from the past as truly beautiful by way of example, there is much promise for the future. The beautifying of a city, however, is to be done with a little time and the first requisite is to avoid doing anything in a minute—even the smallest detail—that cannot be undone in a lifetime.

**Notes from Washington, D. C.**

"So much is said nowadays of the carriage of a certain class of diseases by mosquitoes," said Dr. L. O. Howard, the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, "that the agency of certain flies in the transmission of another class of diseases is to be considered." As soon as we have received all of this information, we will then begin to gather the facts together until statistics are arranged setting forth the general results.

"Probably one of the worst nuisances to houses in close proximity to a stable are stable house flies, especially abundant since these creatures breed by preference in horse manure, so that the insect may be a factor of the greatest importance in the spread of intestinal disease.

"Every effort should be made by boards of health in cities and by private persons in the country, to limit the breeding of the common house fly, and to accomplish this result, strict supervision of stables in which horses are kept should be carried on. As stated, the great majority of house flies breed in horse manure. The breeding is rapid, and a small pile of horse manure may be responsible for an enormous number of flies. I have found by careful experimental work with many different insecticidal substances, that chloride of lime is the most efficient substance which can be applied to manure piles in order







For headache, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease.

## A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, quickly as RADWAY'S PILLS. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., New York.

### Poetry.

#### "BERCEUSE."

Sinks the sun in the dreaming west,  
Richly red as a robin's breast,  
Silence falls with the fading day,  
The breezes wander far away;  
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one,  
Softly slip to rest.

Starry watchfires glimmer and glow  
Fireflies glance in the vale below,  
Drifting slow through the scented dark  
The crescent salts, a silver bark;  
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one,  
On thy mother's breast.

Song of the night bird from afar  
That carols to the evening star,  
In silvery cadence sweet and clear  
That melts upon the listening ear;  
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one,  
Birdling in thy nest.

"SHEILA."

**THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.**  
The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain,  
Alas! too quickly did they waste;  
For each soon boomed, some blessing bore;  
Its cheekered lot of bliss and pain.

Although it idle be and vain,  
Yet cannot I the wish restrain  
That I had held them evermore,  
The sweet, sad years.

—EVA M. NILES.

#### WESTMINSTER.

Throughumber glooms the morning sunbeam steals.  
The beam of England's sun, half light, half mist,  
(As where, in southern fames, the eucharist  
Warms, wreathing incense but in part reveals).  
Here the great legend of the Past appeals,  
In no strange tongue, unto the votarist;  
Here, here forever Memory keeps tryst  
With mighty memories the silent seals!

Forgive, Most High, forgive the yearning soul  
Her dear idolatries, that in this place—  
With passionate adorings strive to trace  
Those elder, kindred spirits to their goal,  
Whose dust lies slumbering here, while ages roll,  
Whose deathless thought still lights and cheers  
the race.

—Edith M. Thomas, in the Outlook.

**THE DAY THAT SUMMER DIED.**  
The day that summer died we saw a change  
Creep slowly o'er the sunshine of her face—  
A fleeting beauty, dim and wholly strange,  
Unlike the brightness of her earlier grace.  
We felt a chill in every breath that blew  
And saw across the meadows green and wide,  
A veil of frost that silvered all the dew  
The day that summer died.

The day that summer died a red leaf fell  
From out the maple's green and stately crest,  
And all the slender fern leaves in the dell  
In robes of white and palest gold were dressed.  
A late rose shed its petals one by one,  
The poor stirred its trembling leaves and  
sighed.  
A glowing dahlia blossomed in the sun—  
The day that summer died.

The day that summer died the forest stream  
Crest from the catch the blueness of the skies,  
The hills grew dim and hazy as a dream  
Or like a vision viewed by tearful eyes,  
A growing shadow, dim and vaguely drear,  
Swept over landscapes like a rising tide,  
And winter's footstep sounded all too near—  
The day that summer died.

—EMMA G. WESTON, in *Youth's Companion*.

#### PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

The Nation mourns the passing of one  
Who was its chief, its head, its master mind;  
In whom the elements of greatness dwelt,  
With modesty and firmness, well combined.

He was in touch with men of high estate,  
And yet could bend to those of lesser worth;  
For in them both he saw the Father's hand,  
And recognized their kingly, princely birth.

His bearing was not haughty, yet all felt  
And saw in him a man whose intellect  
Was keen and bright, evolving thoughts therefrom.

That, for the times, were proper and correct.  
The manliness was his, of rare kind  
Not often noted at the present day,  
While every action showed the nobleness  
And love that dwelt within his heart always.

Generous, affectionate, loyal, true,  
As lover, husband, comrade, soldier, friend,  
Useless throughout all his grand career,  
Who is there who would not his life commend.

Girt with strongest sense of right and wrong,  
He in his heart the love of justice knew,  
And in each act and deed wisdom sought  
From him, who could with it his heart imbue.

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
Whose like we ne'er shall look upon again;  
The loved mankind, was upright and sincere,  
And these strong traits as memories remain.

J. M. THOMPSON.

...Charley kissed her when they met,  
Kissed her at the railway station;  
Others moving in her seat,  
Saw her heart the regulation;  
When she summoned them to tell  
All this to the jury, Mister  
Charley had to pay her well—  
Charley kissed her.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Miscellaneous.

#### One of the Others.

Providence, together with a newspaper advertisement, had brought about his engagement as cornet player in one of the big summer hotels. The hotel orchestra consisted of two besides himself—a violinist of Polish extraction, who in winter was employed at one of the lesser city theatres, and a pianist. The pianist were vivid personalities and parted his hair down the middle. He had a mustache and a wrist of iron. It was the duty of the trio to play during the times, and also from eight to ten daily each evening in the great dining room, cleared by the colored waiters for dancing. Under the electric lights the floor was then like a shifting flower-bed, gay with whirled muslin skirts and bright ribbons. Night after night, from the rostrum in the corner of the room, the cornet player watched the same familiar crowd; night after night he had to play the same music for their pleasure-music. It was his first engagement of the sort, and for a time the thing was new to him. He liked to follow the comings and goings, the shenagings and amours of the world to which he must always be an outsider.

But after a while its sameness began to pall upon him. Always the one type in the flushed faces and dainty gowns swung past him; always the one kind of chatter came broken to his ears between the tinsel tunes. He grew to see the universe people by a medley of puppets who danced mechanically; himself the machine that ground out their music. Two step, valse and tango, he had to play. He said once to the pianist with a half-savvy humor: "We might be nickel in the slot machines—only they never put the nickels in!"

Out of his weariness grew presently a dull dislike, an antagonism against the fortune which had set him aloof there to play that others might dance. The proprietor of the hotel had named it *Beacon-by-the-Sea*: presumably because it stood a quarter of a mile inland. But the name worked its magic in advertisements, and the place was crowded. The cornet player used to watch the young people about him, and hated them bitterly for their pleasures and gayeties in which he could have no part. He was young himself, though some of them; he had all the yearnings of youth; he, too, the keen hunger for enjoyment which is harder than any wants of later life. It is only the middle-aged man who can afford to wait and plan and dream. Each day takes us further along the road, and the cry of young is to have their pleasure while yet they are young; not when they will have no longer need of it. The cornet player would have given up his life to have been born for him. He brooded over it while he watched the maze of their shifting feet.

Often the younger set monopolized one side of the floor uproariously for a square dance. He had to listen to good-humored chaff and snatches of laughter; jokes that he knew by heart. There was one Harvard student among them named Holden, who kept his companions in continual ripples of mirth. The cornet player grew to hate deeply the very sound of this student's voice.

Sometimes he pictured to himself with bitter sarcasm one of this carelessly good-natured set ever coming on to him between the times to say, "I'm here, I'm here, I'm here, while I take your place!" But their kindness was only outward each other. It would stop at him like a brick wall. He had had proof of this once soon after he first came there, when he had joined unconsciously in the laugh which followed a sally made by one of a little knot gathered by the edge of the rostrum. The look of bland and frigid astonishment whirled upon him instantly by the goddess of the party—a school girl in a muslin frock—was among those things which he would always remember. They had been in the hotel, too, and remained all, as merely a part of the hotel furniture. He was there to play their music, week in, week out, and to continue playing just the same, tired or willing, ill or well, until it pleased them to stop. Beyond this he could have no more part in their lives than the chairs they sat on or on the floor upon which they danced.

"Don't do that," said the cornet player. "I'm twenty-two," he said, "and I've earned my life since I was fifteen. Twenty-two, I'm a great age. I'm supposed to be beyond caring for anything—any ordinary every-day pleasure. I'm supposed to get along just as easy without it. I shall be thirty before so very long, and then I suppose I shan't care. Maybe I'll be by the way of getting it then—when I don't want it any more!"

There was a silence. The outburst had passed and was leaving his commonplace self. He stood before her hot and awkward, profoundly thoughtful.

"Careful!" the cornet player laughed. "I'm twenty-two," he said, "and I've earned my life since I was fifteen. Twenty-two, I'm a great age. I'm supposed to be beyond caring for anything—any ordinary every-day pleasure. I'm supposed to get along just as easy without it. I shall be thirty before so very long, and then I suppose I shan't care. Maybe I'll be by the way of getting it then—when I don't want it any more!"

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of her voice, every echo of her laughter. His hole being moved with her each minute of the day. He hated the men whom she chatted and danced with, because they belonged by birthright to her world.

"El Captain" was the new two-step that summer was. It was a favorite at the hotel. Sometimes the girl would step up to the rostrum and ask the pianist if they would mind playing it, and the cornet player hated the pianist then say again for his chance of a commonplace word and smile.

One evening the chance arrived to himself. It was during the interval—the big room was empty. His companions had stretched themselves, adjusted their wilted collars and strolled off to the bar. The cornet player was sitting with his instrument across his knees, and his head resting weary in his hands. A rustle of the water for dancing. Under the electric lights the floor was then like a shifting flower-bed, gay with whirled muslin skirts and bright ribbons. Night after night, from the rostrum in the corner of the room, the cornet player watched the same familiar crowd; night after night he had to play the same music for their pleasure-music. It was his first engagement of the sort, and for a time the thing was new to him. He liked to follow the comings and goings, the shenagings and amours of the world to which he must always be an outsider.

But after a while its sameness began to pall upon him. Always the one type in the flushed faces and dainty gowns swung past him; always the one kind of chatter came broken to his ears between the tinsel tunes. He grew to see the universe people by a medley of puppets who danced mechanically; himself the machine that ground out their music. Two step, valse and tango, he had to play. He said once to the pianist with a half-savvy humor: "We might be nickel in the slot machines—only they never put the nickels in!"

"I wonder if you've got a pin?" she said to the cornet player. "Look, I've put my foot through the flower!"

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## The Horse.

## The Taunton Fair.

Favored with almost perfect weather throughout the week the Bristol County Fair, held at Taunton, Mass., Sept. 24-27, could not but be a great success. The show in all departments was first class, the exhibition of live stock as well as the stage show and other special attractions being fully up to the standard. The attendance was large, that of Wednesday being a record-breaker for the association, it is said.

The speed programme was an excellent one and the racing very good indeed, although it is hard for an outsider to see why an association like that at Taunton will stick to that greatest of all nuisances, the mixed race for trotters and pacers.

The hopped pacer *Claymos*, by Clayeops (2.17), in George Van Dyke's stable, was picked to win the 2.35 mixed event, but did not appreciate the honors thrust upon him, and after finishing last in the first heat, pacing the second heat in 2.18, which just equaled her record made at Westfield last month.

The bay gelding *Hylie Bird* had his field beaten by many seconds in the 2.30 trot, and it was only play for him to take them in camp in straight heats in the 2.40 trot. Of course it was only a question of how fast *Art Alco* and *Early Bird Jr.* could make *Terrill S.* step in the 2.00 pace. The Strathmore gelding made it one, two, three and was never in danger. *Art Alco* was second in all three heats, which left third money for *Early Bird Jr.*

*Don C.*, winner of the 2.24 and 2.22 classes, is a bay gelding by *Gusto* (2.19), son of *Gambetta Wilkes*; dam by *Stoney Boy*. He is in Knap Forshner's stable and acts like a very good prospect.

The black gelding *Byron Wilkes*, in Bob Durland's stable, romped away with the 2.18 trot on Thursday. The Maine-bred chap got his nose in front during the early part of the exercises, and after that none of the others could get to him. There was a hot fight for place between *The Spaniard* and *Oeto*, one of the old-fashioned kind of on-again, off-again trotters, the Jerome Eddy gelding beating the grandson of *Ax* tell in two out of three of the heats.

*Hylie Bird* won the 2.40 trot on Friday in slow time, making his second victory for the week, and the fourth race which he has won in two weeks.

## SUMMARIES.

**Taunton, Mass.**, Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1901—  
2.35 class, trot and pace. Purse, \$300.  
*Sady Lucia*, br m, untraced (Slisson)..... 1 1  
*Ben Bolt*, b g (Gillies)..... 2 4 2  
*Reynolds*, br g by Wilkes (Chandler)..... 3 2 3  
*Lord Nina*, br m (Durland)..... 3 3 4  
*Early Wilkes*, br m (McMullen)..... 4 5 5  
*Claymos*, b g, by Clayeops (Knapp)..... 6 dr  
Time, 2.26, 2.25, 2.26.

Same day—2.19 class, trot and pace. Purse, \$400.

*Edith May*, b m, by Arrowwood; dam, Mary A., by Legal Tender Jr.; second dam by Caldwell's Diamond. She was not headed after getting to the front in the first heat, pacing the second heat in 2.18, which just equaled her record made at Westfield last month.

The bay gelding *Hylie Bird* had his field beaten by many seconds in the 2.30 trot, and it was only play for him to take them in camp in straight heats in the 2.40 trot.

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*Hylie Bird* won the 2.40 trot on Friday in slow time, making his second victory for the week, and the fourth race which he has won in two weeks.

## SUMMARIES.

**Taunton, Mass.**, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1901—  
2.30 trot. Purse, \$300.  
*Hylie Bird*, b g, by Early Bird; dam by *Hargrave* (Knapp)..... 1 1 5  
*Minor*, br m (Dore)..... 2 5 2  
*Choice Bird*, br g (Gardner)..... 6 4 2  
*Winnie Que*, br m (Thomas)..... 5 3 4  
*Miss Herba*, br m (Morris)..... 5 3 4  
*Nim Hancock*, br m (Fuller)..... 4 6 6  
Time, 2.34, 2.32, 2.30.

Same day—2.09 class, trot and pace. Purse, \$400.

*Terrill S.*, ch m, by Strathmore; dam by *Ajax* (Johnson)..... 1 1 1  
*Art Alco*, b g, by Bimini (Dore)..... 2 2 2  
*Early Bird Jr.*, br g, by *Early Bird* (Knapp)..... 3 3 3  
Time, 2.16, 2.12, 2.13.

Same day—2.24 class, pace. Purse, \$300.  
*Don C.*, br g, by Gusto; dam by *Stoney Boy* (Forshner)..... 2 2 1 1 4  
*Roger*, br g (Gardner)..... 1 1 3 3 2  
*Sly*, br g (King)..... 4 4 4 4 2  
*Powers*, br g (Borden)..... 5 5 5 5 4  
Time, 2.23, 2.23, 2.23, 2.24.

**Taunton, Mass.**, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1901—  
2.2 class, trot or pace. Purse, \$300.  
*Don C.*, br g, by Gusto; dam by *Stoney Boy* (Forshner)..... 1 1 1 1 4  
*Harris*, br m, by Wilkes (Kings)..... 4 1 1 1 3  
*Paddy McGregor*, b g, by *Ozzy Mc- Gregor* (Gardner)..... 2 2 2 2 4  
Time, 2.23, 2.23, 2.21, 2.24.

Same day—2.24 class, pace. Purse, \$300.  
*Princess Moquette*, b m, by *Moquette* (Princess Moquette) won the first event in straight heats; the free-for-all was a very easy thing for *Morris*. The mare winning in straight heats and very slow time.

In her effort against time *Alcidalia* trotted a mile in 2.16.

*Princess Moquette*, winner of the 2.14 and 2.18 pace events, was sold during the meeting to T. W. Burke of Salem.

## SUMMARIES.

**Reading, Mass.**, Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1901—2.27 class, pacing. Purse, \$500.  
*Fannie B.*, br m, by Pinewood..... 1 1 1  
*Chum Boy*, ch g, by Harry Hambrino..... 2 4 2  
*Eager Bird*, br m, by Eagle Bird (Gardner)..... 3 3 3  
*Tommy*, br m, by *Tommy* (Pine)..... 4 4 4  
*Ralph Banks*, br h, by *Ralph Wilkes* (Timothy)..... 5 5 5  
Time, 2.22, 2.22, 2.22, 2.22.

Same day—2.28 class, trotting. Purse, \$400.  
*Byron Wilkes*, br g, by Tarratine; dam by Empress, by Sterling (Durland)..... 1 1 1  
*One*, br m, by *One* (Dore)..... 2 2 2  
*The Spanish*, b g, by Realist (McDonald)..... 3 2 3  
*Tom Lear*, gr g, by Aeryon (McDonald)..... 5 4 5  
*Judge Cosgrove*, b g, by Prodigal (Mc-Kenna)..... 4 5  
Time, 2.20, 2.20, 2.20.

Same day—2.28 class, trotting. Purse, \$300.  
*Byron Wilkes*, br g, by Tarratine; dam by Empress, by Sterling (Durland)..... 1 1 1  
*One*, br m, by *One* (Dore)..... 2 2 2  
*The Spanish*, b g, by Realist (McDonald)..... 3 2 3  
*Tom Lear*, gr g, by Aeryon (McDonald)..... 5 4 5  
*Judge Cosgrove*, b g, by Prodigal (Mc-Kenna)..... 4 5  
Time, 2.20, 2.20, 2.20.

Same day—2.28 class, trotting. Purse, \$300.  
*Byron Wilkes*, br g, by Tarratine; dam by Empress, by Sterling (Durland)..... 1 1 1  
*One*, br m, by *One* (Dore)..... 2 2 2  
*The Spanish*, b g, by Realist (McDonald)..... 3 2 3  
*Tom Lear*, gr g, by Aeryon (McDonald)..... 5 4 5  
*Judge Cosgrove*, b g, by Prodigal (Mc-Kenna)..... 4 5  
Time, 2.20, 2.20, 2.20.

Same day—2.28 class, trotting. Purse, \$300.  
*Byron Wilkes*, br g, by Tarratine; dam by Empress, by Sterling (Durland)..... 1 1 1  
*One*, br m, by *One* (Dore)..... 2 2 2  
*The Spanish*, b g, by Realist (McDonald)..... 3 2 3  
*Tom Lear*, gr g, by Aeryon (McDonald)..... 5 4 5  
*Judge Cosgrove*, b g, by Prodigal (Mc-Kenna)..... 4 5  
Time, 2.20, 2.20, 2.20.

Same day—2.40 class, trotting. Purse, \$300.  
*Hylie Bird*, l g, by *Eagle Bird*; dam by *Harbinger* (Knapp)..... 1 1 1  
*Joe Zar*, br g (Dexter)..... 2 2 2  
*One*, br m, by *One* (Dore)..... 3 3 3  
*Bertie B.*, br m (Morris)..... 5 5 5  
*Deceit*, br m, by *Papin*..... 7 6 5  
*Slick Wilkes* (Carruthers)..... 7 6 5  
*Adile Smith*, br m (Carruthers)..... 6 6 5  
*Miss Hancock*, br m (Fuller)..... 8 dr  
Time, 2.27, 2.25, 2.24.

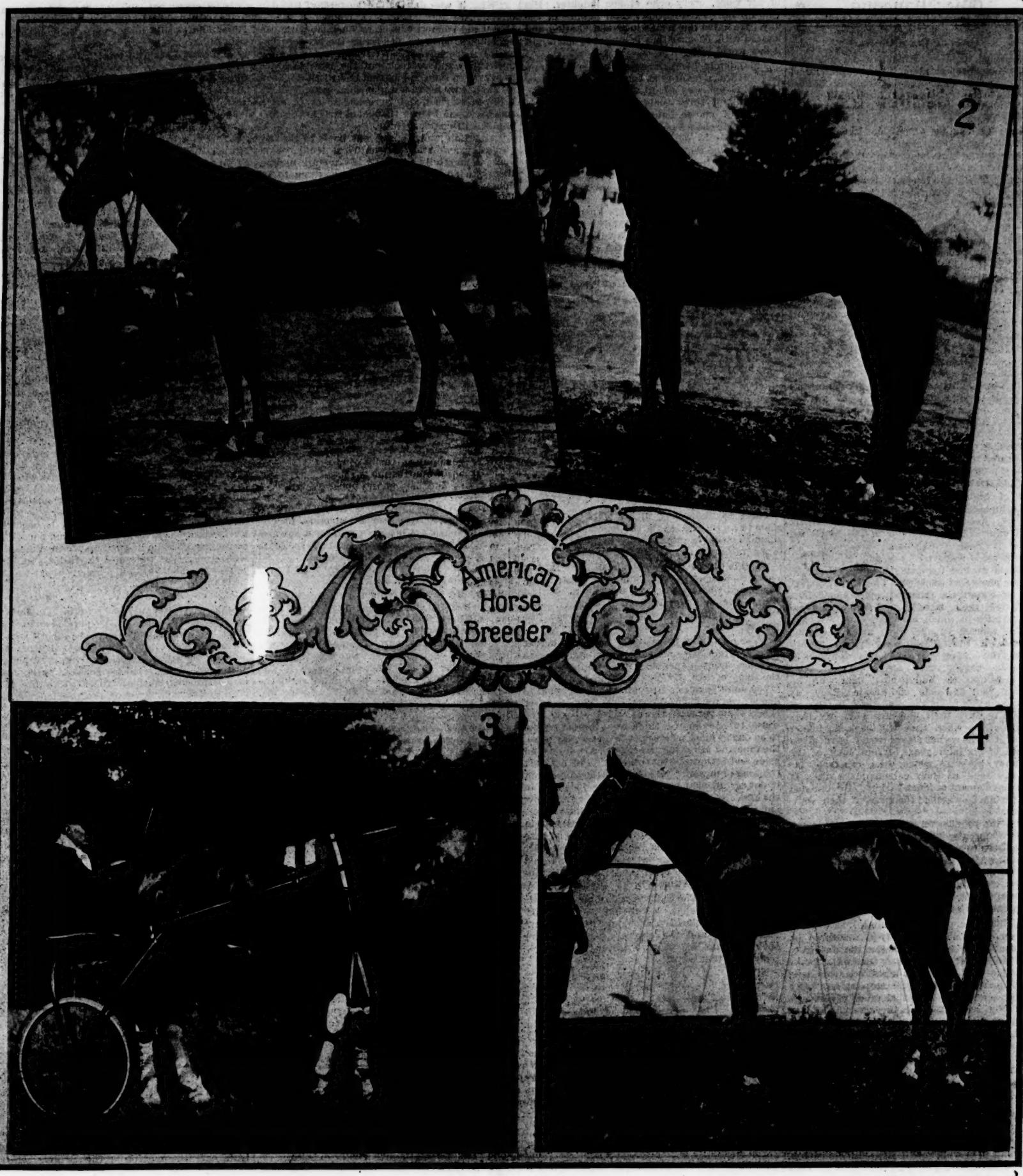
**The Middlesex East Fair.**

The fourth annual fair and cattle show of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association opened at the Westfield Agricultural Park, Tuesday, Sept. 24. The show was fully up to the standard of previous years, and although the price of admission to the grounds and grand stand has been increased from that of last year, the attendance was very good. The exhibit of live stock was one of the best features of the fair.

The association offered more money for the speed classes this year than ever before, and this brought out a better lot of horses and faster racing.

Both events on Tuesday's card were won in straight heats. The 2.14 pace, an early-closing event for a \$1000 purse, was a rattling good contest, and the time was very fast. The black mare *Minnie Russell*, which has been winning in fast time over the half-mile tracks, was picked to win, but found Henry Richardson's mare *Princess Moquette* a decidedly warm proposition. The latter got away in the turn in the first heat, and with the most trouble, was the only one to lead. *Princess Moquette* always had a link to let her out, as it would be the driver of *Minnie Russell* could not get beyond the hay mare's saddle girth. The time, 2.13, 2.13, 2.16, over a track, which, though good, was too loose to be fast, shows that *Princess Moquette* is a very fast pacer, and the soft record seems to agree with her.

The 2.35 pace was between *Trena Dee* and



## FOUR NOTED TROTTERS.

No. 1—*Cresceus* (2.02), champion trotter of the world. Sire, Robert McGregor (2.17); dam, the great brood mare *Mabel* (dam of *Nightingale*, 2.10, etc.), by Howard Mann.

No. 2—*The Abbot* (2.02), the world's champion trotting gelding. Sire, *Chimes* (2.02), by *Nettle King*, son of Herr's *Mambrino Patchen*. No. 3—*Lord Derby* (2.06), by *Mambrino King*, son of Herr's *Mambrino Patchen*; dam, *Claribel*, by *Hamlin's* *Howard* (2.26); second dam by *Almont Jr.* (2.26); third dam by *Almont* (2.26).

No. 4—*Howard Mann* (2.02), by *Howard Mann* (2.17); dam, *Carmine*, for *Macey* started him at each of the Grand Circuit meetings, with the exception of the second week of the Cincinnati meeting.

*Carmine* goes into winter quarters with a record of 2.07. One ambitious local student of figures, who has figured *Carmine's* performances in the Grand Circuit down to a nicety, has said, announces that *Carmine's* twelve starts this year were four times second, twice third and twice fourth in the summary and four times behind the money. He was started in \$35,500 worth of stakes and won \$350 in purse money. Of the forty-eight heats in which he raced the average time was 2.07 and a scant fraction, while the fields averaged twelve to a race. The only two heats that *Carmine* won this year were each done in 2.07. This is only *Carmine's* second season out, and his owner will try him again next season.

*Carmine* was in the October meeting of Worcester driving park company, and Tuesday, Oct. 1, with every indication of another big meeting. The best racing ever witnessed in Worcester was seen at the September meeting, and more of the same kind will be dishes up for the consideration of racegoers next month. The Worcester company at its last meeting assumed the initiative of the half-mile tracks of New England of clapping on the fines to drivers who violate the laying-up-of-heats rule, and since then the stands in other cities have not shown so much tendency to wink at the very common, yet none the less objectionable, practice of "going a heat or two" before making a race to win.

The black gelding *Aley* (2.13), who, together with Walter L. Ripley of North Grafton, one of his owners, was expelled at the Breeders' meeting in Readville two weeks ago, is in his owner's stable at North Grafton. Whatever may have been the merits of the case, as a result of which expulsion was announced, the tracks of New England certainly lost a good horse in *Aley's* retirement. Before being taken to Readville *Aley* worked a mile over the Greendale track in 2.12, and his owner knew him best confidently expected to see him make 2.07 or 2.08 another year. *Ripley* has had several chances to sell *Aley* since the affair. At Readville before *Aley* got into trouble, it is said that E. E. Smathers would have paid \$6000 for the gelding, and it is a fact that two offers of \$3000 each were refused. *Aley* cost *Ripley* and the men who were associated with him in the gelding's purchase \$1500, which he more than won out for his owners by defeating *Mary D.* at the September meeting here.

*Milly T. Sayles*, who has been training over the Greendale track this season, announced this week that he would consign all the horses in his string to the Fasig-Tipton sale at Madison-square

Garden next month. These include the bay mare *Minnie B.* (2.13), winner of a good race a Saugus a few weeks ago and entered to race at Brockton Fair this week Friday, the gray gelding *Tatler Burns* (2.16), by *Bobby Burns*, the bay mare *North Star* (2.17), the black gelding *Charley G.* (2.17), and the dark-colored colt, one by *Delmarc* (2.11), out of a *Guy* mare mare, a three-year-old Pedlar (2.18) colt, and *Wilkes* four-year-old. *Sayles* will also send to the sale a six-year-old mare by *Benton M.* (2.19).

Owing to the death of his brother in Boston last week, George B. Inches, proprietor of the Edgewood Farm, at North Grindell, will not race any more horses this season. His gray gelding *Trader* (2.24), by *Pedlar*, was at Reading last Thursday afternoon, being warmed up to race, when superintendent J. H. Quinn received a telegram, announcing the death of Mr. Inches' brother, with which he was to draw *Trader* from the race and ship back to Worcester. The Inches' horses are now at Greendale, but will be taken back to the farm shortly.

The black gelding *Tugboat* (2.26), by *Barada*, died at the stable of his owner, A. H. Brunell of Worcester, Saturday night. *Tugboat* was brought from the West by Ed. M. Gillies three or four years ago, and has been raced ever since. His last start this year was at Putnam, Ct., after which he was taken sick and never recovered.

Edward Moulton's chestnut gelding *Chum Boy*, by *Harold*, was at the stable of his owner, A. H. Brunell of Worcester, Saturday night. *Chum Boy* had been racing nearly two weeks ago while being shipped from the West to Nashua, N. H., has recovered from the bruises he received at that time, and will be started in a few races this fall. C. B. Cook's mare *Nellie L.*, who was in the same car with *Chum Boy* at the time of the collision, is still badly off, and Cook despairs of ever racing her again.

THE ROADMAN.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 30.

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